

# KILLARNY.

K

A

P O E M.

---

By an OFFICER in the ARMY.

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D U B L I N :

Printed for THOMAS EWING, in CAPEL-STREET.

KILL ARMY

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By an OFFICER in the ARMY.

D U E I N :



Printed for THOMAS STATIONER, in Great-Street.

## KILLARNY.

## P O E M.

**T**HOU guardian Genius of KILLARNY say,  
 Through all thy scenes romantic shall I stray  
 Guided by thee, the Muse, and Fancy's train,  
 Thy sylvan shades, and heights sublime attain?  
 Come then, ye Naiads, and ye sportive Fauns,  
 Who guard the waters, and the flow'ry lawns,  
 Aid me, oh, aid me, with poetic fire!  
 And to thy wonders let my verse aspire!

See from afar, the alp-like mountains rise,  
 To fill the mind with grandeur and surprise!

Some,



Some, in the clouds their tops Olympian hide,  
 And by their distance shew superior pride:  
 Above them all---high MANGERTON appears,  
 And to the heavens his daring summit rears!

\* This tow'ring Atlas of Ierne's shore,  
 With wonders crown'd,---as Africk's Atlas bore!  
 It's top, a spacious cavern-lake sustains,  
 Fed by deep springs, and never ceasing rains.  
 See, some beneath, with less aspiring height,  
 Yield a more verdant, and enlivening sight:  
 Oft like the Sun, obscurely veil'd they lie,  
 While o'er their heads ethereal vapours fly!  
 But now dispell'd,---the gloomy mist o'er blown;  
 What bright reflections on their sides are thrown!  
 Now dancing Sun-beams, through the forests play,  
 Gild all the hills, and make the plains more gay:---  
 While thus from far, those glorious views extend,  
 Where fertile isles, and spreading waters blend:  
 These striking objects first prepare the mind,  
 To taste each beauty, nature's there combin'd.

Here crowded mountains form a circling chain,  
 And frown impending o'er the liquid plain,  
 Whose lucid surface from their feet expands,  
 It's silver'd edges, to more fertile lands,  
 Where a huge mass of azure hills conceal  
 An ever-plenteous ever-blooming vale;

Where

\* This mountain is the highest land in Ireland; its computed perpendicular height from the verge of Mucrus Lake, is near 1200 yards; and on its very summit there is a small Lake, called the Devil's punch bowl, from its being of a rounded deep form.



Where the blithe shepherd tills the fruitful earth,  
 And culls his riches, with a grateful mirth;  
 Where intermix'd, the corn, and pasture field,  
 A pleasing prospect to his wishes yield:  
 Fill'd with content, and rustic-smiling peace,  
 He sees his harvests, and his flocks increase;  
 Pride, nor ambition, can his mind enthrall,  
 Blest in his cottage he enjoys his all!

The spacious park, and mansion of **KENMAIRE**,  
 Adorn the scene and give a nobler air!

\* The lordly Owner with exalted mind,  
 Of access easy, free, polite, and kind,  
 Here when his choice, permits him to reside,  
 Maintains a princely old Milesian pride!  
 Lives an example to the rich and great,  
 With heart unbounded, as his vast estate.

**KILLARNY** Villa, next, the view salutes!  
 Whose rural neatness with the prospect suits,  
 Tho' now unnotic'd---From the world apart,  
 Soon shall thou boast the piling builders art;  
 When future fame shall spread thy beauties round,  
 And ev'ry pleasure 'midst thy wonders found:  
 Assembling crouds, reviv'd by summer's sun,  
 From the dull City's gloomy haunt shall run;  
 Shall here repair;---and bid new structures rise,  
 While spires with awful grace salute the skies!

B 2

Hiber-

\* This nobleman is remarkable for his  
 hospitality and politeness to strangers who  
 visit the Lake: of late years he has resi-

ded mostly abroad, but tho' absent, his  
 boats and bargemen are at the service of  
 every gentleman who calls for them.

Hibernia's Sons, no more their isle shall leave,  
 But thou, the tributes of their pride receive;  
 To thee from foreign realms shall nations roam,  
 And we soon glory in our Bath at home.

The craggy heights, and wooded hills oppose  
 The smiling scene, and Nature's bounty shows;  
 Wild, and infertile to the labourers art,  
 With native wonders greater charms impart:  
 The sloping-curves, we here and there descry,  
 Afford new changes to the roving eye;  
 The mingled contrast, of the various trees,  
 That deck their sides and fan the summer's breeze;  
 The cone-like Firr, and wintry-glooming Pine,  
 And rev'rend Oak which Ivy-wreathes entwine;  
 The Box, the Holly, and the browner Yew,  
 With vernal aspect---ever young and new!  
 Here grow luxuriant, to their native size,  
 And ev'ry artful, mangl'd form despise.  
 Greatly superior to the rest is found,  
 The Mountain-ash with crimson berries crown'd!  
 Which, nobly shoots, majestic, straight, and tall  
 As Norway Pines--but far out-soars them all!  
 Not the great Oak, tho' royal in his name,  
 O'er tops it's beauty, or out spreads it's fame!  
 Each tree, or shrub, which northern climes produce,  
 Here grows spontaneous for the artist's use:  
 The bright Cascades the Mountain-torrents form,  
 That rush impetuous in a watry storm,

And

And faintly glimmer, through the waving woods,  
 (Which now discover, now conceal their floods,)  
 Ev'ry restraint from ev'ry object mock,  
 But tumbling roar, against the sounding rock!  
 Then sudden stop---nor any course pursue,  
 As if their lately, greater height to view.---  
 Next spread in streams, and softly-purling rills,  
 With gentle babbling, through the sloping hills!  
 To tell their peaceful and less rapid change,  
 Through meads enamel'd now to glide and range.  
 This bright assemblage,-- with their lights and shades,  
 (Whilst Phœbus glitters through the op'ning glades,)  
 The diff'rent tints, the trembling leaves unfold,  
 The new born-green, and Autumns faded gold,  
 The pleasing umbrage of the spreading boughs,  
 Invite fond Lovers interchanging vows!  
 While circling Woodbines mid'st the branches rove,  
 Perfume the Air and shade the secret Grove!  
 While feather'd Songsters chear their billing loves,  
 And amorous Turtles, woo their fellow Doves.

Ah! had kind Nature more propitious been,  
 And form'd the Climate, equal to the scene!  
 Then might the Tendrils of the curling Vine,  
 Amid'st the Groves in sweet confusion twine!  
 The clust'ring Grape, might every Tree adorn,  
 And Flow'rs Exotic shield the pointed Thorn!  
 The blossom'd Shrubs in Spring-eternal blow,  
 In shades retir'd, and paths bewild'ring grow;

The

Harried,



The Lime, and Orange, mix with Myrtle bow'rs;  
 And scent the Zephyrs of the temp'rate hours!  
 Then too, the Lake, with airy breezes curl'd,  
 \* Might boast its barges with their sails unfurl'd,  
 The smooth expanse in never lost repose,  
 Might then defy its ruffling squally foes!  
 † Let splendid gallies through the Islands sail,  
 And stretch their Canvass to the swelling gale!  
 Board to and fro, along the winding coast,  
 Nor scar'd by Rocks, or sudden Tempests toft.

— But since no Wolves, the happy Plains controul,  
 Nor hungry Lions, in the Forests howl!  
 Devouring tear the harmless bleating Lambs,  
 Who fly for shelter, to their flying Dams!  
 Nor lurking Vipers in the pasture lye,  
 Whose venom'd bite, the cautious Shepherds fly!  
 Nor croaking Toads with foaming-poison fill'd,  
 From baneful Herbs and sulphur'd dews distill'd!  
 Nor dang'rous monster with amphibious pow'rs,  
 Nor frights by Land, nor in the Lake devours!  
 And Nature gracious to this favourite Shore,  
 Hath bid these Reptiles foreign-shades explore!—  
 Then freed from ills, which warmer climes invade;  
 For what we have---let thanks to Heaven be paid.

\* Lord Kenmaire has given his barge men positive orders not to carry sail on account of the sudden squalls from the mountains.

† No water could better admit large vessels to sail on, than this, the lower

Lake is between seven and eight mile long, and about half that in breadth, some parts of it has seventy fathom water, and close to the very shore in some places between twenty and thirty.

‡ Then,

† Then, while our Climate boasts th' Autumnal change,  
 The sporting croud to this blest spot may range,  
 Here, taste successful ev'ry new desire,  
 Which active pleasure in their breasts inspire :  
 Whether, to climb the Mountains tufted maze,  
 And from their heights, with fearful wonder gaze ;  
 To spring the Grouse, the purple heaths conceal,  
 And their bright plumage to the Sun reveal ;  
 To rouse the Woodquest's, or the Pheasant's flight,  
 And from their terror, catch their own delight ;  
 For Sport---to fire the whizzing shot or ball,  
 And gain new life, to see their victims fall !  
 Or if a nobler Game thy mind pursues,  
 (Nature has amply giv'n thee here to chuse),  
 Rous'd, by the Concert of the Hounds, and Horn ;  
 When the Lark soars, to hail the rising morn,  
 The STAG awaits thee on the mountain side,  
 The cov'ring brush his spreading-branches hide :---  
 Now he's in sight,---behold the glorious game !  
 Let the pursuit, thy longing Soul inflame.  
 How echo sighs to hear his panting groans,  
 And as in sympathy his fate bemoans !  
 The well-staunch'd Hounds, unmindful of his cry,  
 With eager speed, and bloody anger fly !  
 See, the Stag trembles---for his conscious fate ;---  
 Where is there rest ! or any safe retreat !  
 In vain below,---the furious chase to shun !  
 Up, the steep mountains 'tis as vain to run !

† From the beginning to the latter end  
 or Autumn, is certainly the most agree-  
 able season for visiting the Lake, as na-  
 ture is then in its highest perfection, and  
 the mildness of the weather, suitable to  
 the beauty of the Lake.

Hurried,

Hurry'd, with terror, and just-fainting toil,  
 With desp'rate plunge he seeks the cooler soil!---  
 § Now to the boat, exulting Hunters take,  
 See he divides, the foamy-spreading lake!  
 The stretching rowers all their nerves distend;---  
 Now, thy assistance to their efforts lend;  
 See he is near,---increase your shouting cries,---  
 Almost with fear---your frightened victim dies!  
 He swims no more---but panting now for breath,  
 And pausing, weeps his ignominious death:  
 Triumphant, fling him in the tott'ring boat!--  
 Secure his limbs,---nor gash his reeking throat,  
 Like lawless victors,---Epicures of food!  
 No, leave him ranging in his native wood!  
 Amongst his wild companions, free to live;  
 He, to your sons a future chase may give.

Tir'd, with the noise of this tumultuous sport,  
 Some to the Lake, for calmer joys resort:  
 Where contemplation, and amusement join'd,  
 Employ the body, and engage the mind.  
 Now, with the Angle, and the floating line,  
 Your mimick flies, upon the surface shine!  
 || The scaly-brood, perceive the glitt'ring bait,  
 But ah, what frauds, on promis'd friendship wait!

§ Some people chuse to stay in their boat all the time of the chase knowing that the Stag will necessarily take the water, as there are men ranged on the top of the Mountains, to prevent his going over the proper boundaries for hunting. There

was formerly a great quantity of the Stag here, but they are not so plenty of late years.

|| The Lake and adjoining Rivulets, are stockd with every kind of fresh water fish.

Pleas'd,



Pleas'd with the playful skiping of the fly,  
 Whose gaudy colours catch their piercing eye!  
 Now fiercely eager to devour their prey,  
 Voracious, leap the pleasing, fatal way!  
 Too late, they find the treach'rous hook is there,---  
 In vain they plunge, to break the twisted snare!  
 Give line enough---let loose the 'twirling wheel,---  
 Nor let them sudden, all thy fury feel:  
 Now while they flag,---draw in the slack'ning line,  
 But still the struggling prize must not be thine:  
 They plunge,---they flutter to preserve their life,  
 Whilst you experienc'd, rule the cunning strife!  
 First to indulge, and next their flight restrain,  
 'Till they lie gasping, with fatigue and pain.  
 The speckl'd Trout, may to your NET be drawn,  
 As the set Partridge, on the stubbl'd lawn!  
 If the large Salmon owns thy powerful art,  
 When he is near, the keener Jav'lin dart!  
 Hold him in triumph, to admiring eyes;  
 While all your skill, is envyed in your prize.

When Summer Suns withdraw their chearing fire,  
 And shiv'ring mortals to their hearths retire;  
 When leafless Trees, are spangl'd by the Frost,  
 And glitt'ring please, for verdant beauties lost!  
 The Icy chrystals in the night display,  
 Adawn-like twinkling, and a rival-day!

C

If

If too, the Lake with shining Ice o'er spread,  
 \* Can safely bear the courting sportsman's tread!  
 To skim the surface on the sliding skaite,  
 And daring venture on the brink of fate!  
 The Duck, and Widgeon, now distress'd for food,  
 Quit frozen ponds, and seek the marshy wood;  
 The restless Woodcocks roving here repair,  
 From colder climes to seek a warmer Air!  
 The long-bill'd Snipe, and squeeking Plover too,  
 Half dead with cold,---yet live in dread of you.  
 Now trace the game through whiten'd tracks of snow,  
 And make thy frame with Summer ardor glow.

But next my muse the various Isles must sing,  
 Ah dear remembrance give my fancy wing!  
 † ROSS,---far the greatest in extent, and fame!  
 (A warlike castle, gives the Island name!)  
 What furious siege thou might'st have once sustain'd,  
 What martial heroes in thy bulwark reign'd!  
 Have not a Bust,---nor live on Tomb engrav'd;  
 Thy structure hardly from the ruin sav'd!  
 ‡ Not far from hence, are hid the treasur'd mines,  
 Which man discover'd for his mean designs!  
 Prepar'd his ruin from each lump of Ore,  
 And with enough,---was working still for more;

\* There can't be a better place on the globe for a Sportsman, than this where every kind of wood and water, Game present themselves every instant for his sport.

† The Island of Ross castle, called from its, having an ancient ruin there, close

to which is now built a Barrack for four companies of foot.

‡ In the middle of the Island there are Copper and Lead Mines, which were work'd to extract Gold and Silver from the Oar, but the Lake has overwhelm'd the works, some years ago.

'Tis this, embroils the mad litigious race,  
 And bribes false patriots to their own disgrace;  
 Gives sense, and merit, e'en to knaves and fools,  
 And (taught by us)---the female bosom rules!  
 But now the chaf'ning waters, deep enfold,  
 Man's baneful poison, and pernicious Gold.

Next INNISFALLEN---in more ancient days,  
 § Cloyster'd, an Abbey to religious praise,  
 Where pious Saints, with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
 From the seducing world, and vice retir'd:  
 Far from the crimes, which sinful man invade,  
 Blest, in their hallow'd Isle they ever pray'd!  
 In pious virtue, to their Maker true,  
 Nor lur'd by aught the modern Priests pursue.  
 Behold the sad remains of mould'ring time!  
 See how the Ivy up the ruins climb!  
 Yet still thy relicks shall rever'd be shewn;  
 And virtuous Hearts thy antient state bemoan,---  
 But now by festive gayer scenes allur'd,  
 Let us be blest---though not like Monks immur'd!  
 \* In yonder Grot, seclude ourselves a while,  
 Not to be gloomy,---but to, chearful, smile!  
 Spread the regale, unflask the sparkling Wine,  
 Awaken mirth---as temp'rate joys incline!  
 Social with Learning, with Religion gay,  
 And pluck the ROSES, thro' life's thorny way!

§ There are the remains of an old  
 Abbey extant in this Island.

\* Near this ruin Lord Kinmaire has  
 built a salloon for company to regale in.



Be some how useful to the common weal,  
 And serve our Country with a Roman zeal:  
 To mean no ill, to do the good we can,  
 And tempted vertuous,---that's the test of man.

\* What other Isles the spreading Lake contains,  
 Their outward beauty, and their rich domains!  
 Tho' each distinguish'd for its rural charms,  
 For lofty Woods, and plenty-yielding Farms!---  
 Must pass unsung; nor can adorn my lays,  
 While nobler objects, more attention raise!

SEE where the Land with gentle slope ascends,  
 And from the Lake to yonder ruin bends!  
 An antient CITY, once the mount adorn'd;  
 † AGH'DOE 'twas call'd---tho' bury'd now and scorn'd!  
 When the proud foe, our conquer'd Isle annoy'd,  
 Its warlike tow'rs, and peopl'd towns destroy'd;  
 Rapacious, plunder'd all their wealth, and pride,  
 And with Milesian blood, the ramparts dy'd!  
 Crush'd all which might the patriot flame renew,  
 Then all Hibernia's antient glory flew!---  
 Tho' tyrant war, thy former pomp defac'd,  
 And thou the triumph of its ravage grac'd!  
 Thy Country's Annals will preserve thy fame;  
 And thence shalt thou immortal grandeur claim.

\* The lower Lake has 45 Islands interspersed about it, beside barren Rocks above the surface of the Water.

† The remains of an ancient City,

called Aghadoe, of which nothing but the ruins of the Cathedral is worth notice.

But

But if thine eyes for extant beauties sue,  
 \* See where DUNLOW affords the pleasing view!  
 An antient fabrick, and a rich domain;  
 Its noble grandeur, may it long retain!  
 Here the great Lake its broadest surface ends,  
 And here collecting all its force expends!  
 Then forms a river, nor can longer stay,  
 But rapid runs, to join the stormy Sea!  
 Reluctant leaves, its former calmy bed,  
 And murm'ring tells,—its future peace is fled:  
 Deeply ingulph'd, midst all the briny tide,  
 No more with softness through the plains to glide.

Hence waft me quick, KILARNY's pride to paint!  
 Where art, keeps nature in a mild restraint:  
 † MUCRUSS,—thou beauteous nearly-floating Isle,  
 What shelves of Marble, round thy borders pile!  
 Here changing objects, please the ravish'd eyes,  
 See Hills from Lakes, and Lakes on Hills, arise!  
 Here mazy walks, to op'ning vistas lead:  
 To views unbounded,—or the closing shade!  
 Each part adorn'd with ev'ry rural grace,  
 That Woods, that Lawns, that Hilly-mounts can  
 trace.

The treasur'd earth, with latent riches fill'd,  
 Can yield up wealth tho' never sown or till'd!

\* The seat of Mr. Mahony at the lower  
 end of the Lake.

† The seat of Counsellor Herbert,  
 which he has improved in a most elegant

manner; it is a Peninsula, nearly sur-  
 rounded by Mucrus, and the lower  
 Lake.

See,

See, a new Lake here unexpected spreads,  
 \* What a white torrent, from yon mountain heads;  
 The silver glimm'ring with reflected rays!  
 Shines on the sides, and through the Valley plays:  
 To thee high MANGERTON, this sight we owe,  
 While from thy lak'y bowl the draughts o'er flow.  
 Th' Arbutus here, a never-fading green,  
 In all its pride, and blooming beauty's seen;  
 And like the Citron, can at once display,  
 The Mellow Autumn, and the Flow'ry-May!  
 What blending colours, on the branches vie,  
 The Leaf, the Blossom, and the yellow dye!  
 Nor is the Shrub luxuriant here alone,  
 But through each Hills, and Isle's, promiscuous thrown:  
 Sprouts from the solid Rocks infertile waste,  
 With pleasing sweetness to the eye, and taste.

The turban'd TURK, surveys this beauteous scene,  
 With envious frown, and ever-hideous mien!  
 Here plac'd by nature, as a low'ring foil,  
 To form a contrast, to this blooming soil!  
 With rugged aspect, tow'rs supremely high:  
 † And all below seems greatly to defy.

Now in the Boat, to mount the Rivers stream,  
 Wrapt in delight of new enchantments, dream!

\* The superfluous waters, from the Devil's punch bowl rush down the sides of this mountain, and here and there form a variety of beautiful cascades, particularly one of near 150 feet high, that preceptually falls into Mucrus Lake.—This

Lake is two miles in length, and one in breath.

† This is a high Mountain opposite to Mucrus, assimilated to a Turk, from its white top, and grim appearance.

Whilst



Whilst roving fancy to each object tost,  
 And ev'ry sense, in ravish'd wonder's lost :---  
 \* Behold, yon awful precipice arise,  
 From thence the Eagle gives his race supplies!  
 From thence stupendous, wings his soaring way,  
 Or furious darts, upon his helpless prey :  
 Should he come near,---ah, fire thy vengeance fierce!  
 Blest, if thou canst the greedy tyrant pierce :  
 Then from his bosom, all his vitals draw !  
 No more to keep the feather'd World in awe.---  
 But hark ! what Musick strikes th' enchanted Ear ?  
 Let all be hush'd---with mute attention hear !  
 What Magic sounds, from yonder cliffs respire,  
 Sure 'tis the concert of some Heav'nly quire !  
 † Th' Aerial Musick, on yon Mountain floats,  
 Now they are louder,---now they're softer notes :---  
 Hark, they are wafted to yon speaking hill,  
 Fill all the skies, and through our bosoms thrill !  
 From ev'ry Grove, the tell-tale echoes fly,  
 Nor keep in silence, ev'n a lovers sigh !  
 The list'ning Birds would imitate the strain,  
 And flocks to hear, look gazing from the plain.---  
 Heav'ns what a thunder in yon rattling peal,  
 How the loud deaf'ning sounds our ears assail !

\* A perpendicular Mountain, called the  
 Eagles nest from their building on its inac-  
 cessible height.

† The sound of a French Horn or  
 Clarionet, at this place produces the most  
 melodious echo that can be imagined,

and by the situation of the surrounding  
 Hills, reverberates, seven or eight dif-  
 ferent times, which is better proved by  
 the unexpected firing of a Cannon, as  
 described above.

The quick-explosion darts a wild affright,  
 What Earthquake terrors, swim before the sight!  
 Our mind astonish'd, in a dread amaze,  
 Fancies a CHAOS on the World must seize:  
 Nature seems shudd'ring with convulsive rage,  
 And ev'ry Element in War to wage!  
 Mountains look tott'ring, with tremendous quake,  
 Near to be bury'd in the swallowing Lake:  
 No Birds can sing, nor timid Flocks can graze,---  
 What cause unknown such great effects can raise?  
 But there again th' harmonious Air rebounds,  
 And by the contrast gains much sweeter sounds!  
 The echoing Hills in one full chorus ring,  
 And all the Vallies, learn from them to sing!  
 The sound melodious ev'ry sense inspires,  
 With melting softness, and refin'd desires!  
 All nature smiles th' auspicious hour to grace,  
 Whilst Musick breathes, the soothing friend of peace.---

\* Now still meandering thro' the River's course,  
 To trace its flowing from the Fountain source,  
 Through narrow straits, and wat'ry-spreading ways,  
 Pursue wild Nature, thro' the Valley's maze!  
 Here barren hills, no green-like Shrub adorn,  
 But all around look wint'ry, and forlorn!  
 Here hov'ring OSPREYS, with the SCREECH-OWL  
 roam,  
 And undisputed, make each part their home.---

\* The river that runs from the upper to the descent, not above ten feet, so that a the lower Lake, is four miles long, and boat is easily rowed up.

The scene now changes to a nobler sight,  
 See waving Woods, and new Cascades unite!  
 Nor shall yon rocky-strait's opposing bar,  
 Prevent thy wishes, to proceed as far :---  
 \* For see! the passage clear to nearer view,  
 Now pull away,---thy floating path pursue!  
 See a new Lake, with Isles romantic grac'd,  
 A Purple Mountain on the border plac'd :  
 Enamel'd Meadows in the Islands bloom,  
 And Woods impervious yield a pleasing gloom!  
 Who shall their wild exterior charms reveal,  
 And all the wonders which their shades conceal.

And now returning with the streaming tide,  
 Too soon we pass, the flying rivers side :  
 No sating pleasures can our bliss destroy,  
 We view each object with increasing joy!  
 While Siren Echos, might enchain our stay,  
 But the swift Barge flies swifter far than they!  
 Yet the blest sounds still tinkling in our ears,  
 Breathe their soft Musick through the sounding Spheres..

Now art thou not for all thy pains o'erpaid,  
 To have such transports to thy mind convey'd!  
 With blissful sounds, and heav'nly visions pleas'd,  
 Midst scenes enchanted, by enjoyment rais'd!  
 Where all we ask, delights the ravish'd heart,  
 And all, tho' nature---seems the plan of art :

\* Just at the entrance of the upper Lake, your further passage is seemingly prevented by two craggy Rocks, called

Colman's Eye, but through that ye easily enter to this Lake, which is four miles long and three broad.



Where all's improv'd, tho' all the work of chance,---  
 Are we awake, or in some magic trance?  
 In the bright regions of some fairy Queen,  
 Or blest Elysium---by the Muses seen!  
 If it be so---stay, dear Deception, stay,  
 Nor tear our Fancies from the Scene away!--  
 No! 'tis a heav'n!--" If heav'n on earth there be."  
 A blissful Eden!--to be sung by me.

# F I N I S.